again begin to stir; you must let them have their way; one of them will soon dominate; then you can return to writing. At the moment of production, deliberately cease all reading. For me reading is the cause of excessive agitation and stirs up at once all the ideas in my head. No single one is dominant, or at least not for long. Besides, this movement of ideas makes me too well aware of how relative they all are. When one is working, the idea one stumbles upon must stand alone. You must believe that you are working in the absolute.

10 November

I am still clumsy; I should aim to be clumsy only when I wish to be. *I must learn to keep silent.* Merely from having talked to Albert yesterday about this projected book, my will to see it through was weakened. I must learn to take myself seriously; and not to hold any smug opinion of myself. To have more mobile eyes and a less mobile face. To keep a straight face when I make a joke. Not to applaud every joke made by others. Not to show the same colorless geniality toward everyone. To disconcert at the right moment by keeping a poker face. Especially never to praise two people in the same way, but rather to keep toward each individual a distinct manner from which I would never deviate without intending to.

At the baccalaureate examinations for the two Widmer brothers Georges passes; and I don't give a hang. I write this without shame and fail to understand how it could be otherwise.

What interested me was a youth, almost a child, small, pale, an obstinate chin, and white teeth; his hair in bangs down to his eyebrows. He seemed so little concerned that he had not even handed in his list of authors. He was sent back to write it and I did it with him on a sheet of paper I had given him. He gave the feeblest answers to

all the questions. He was the last to come up. I pretended to go out with Georges, but I hid in an angle of the stairs and they went out without seeing me. When I went back upstairs, the room was almost empty.

They passed him though. He threw himself into his mother's arms, then into his sister's. The two women in full mourning had stood there trembling all over. I wanted to speak to him. I liked him enormously. I said a few words to him; he thanked me with a smile. His joy almost made him handsome. The three of them went up the boulevard and, to see him a bit longer, I followed them for a long time. I returned home very sad.

End of November

Whenever I get ready again to write really sincere notes in this note-book, I shall have to undertake such a disentangling in my cluttered brain that, to stir up all that dust, I am waiting for a series of vast empty